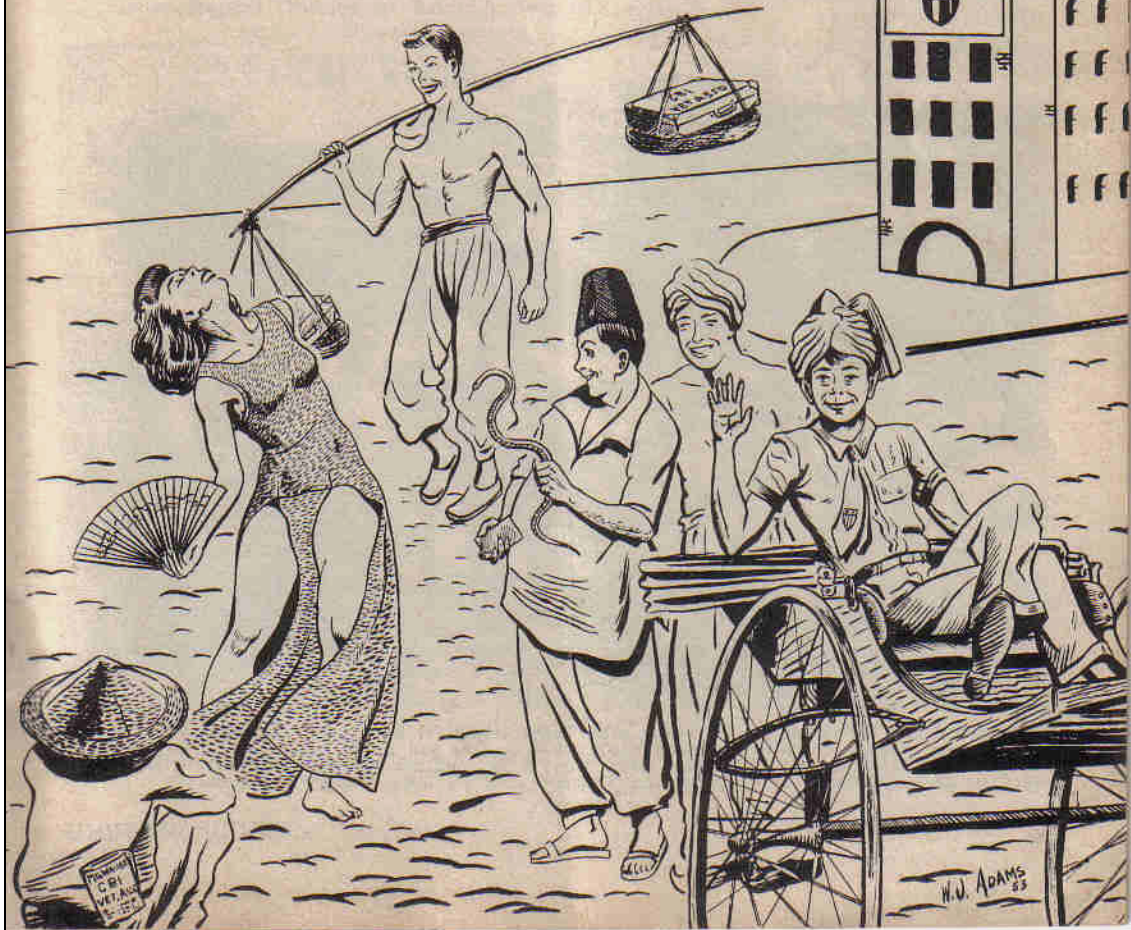


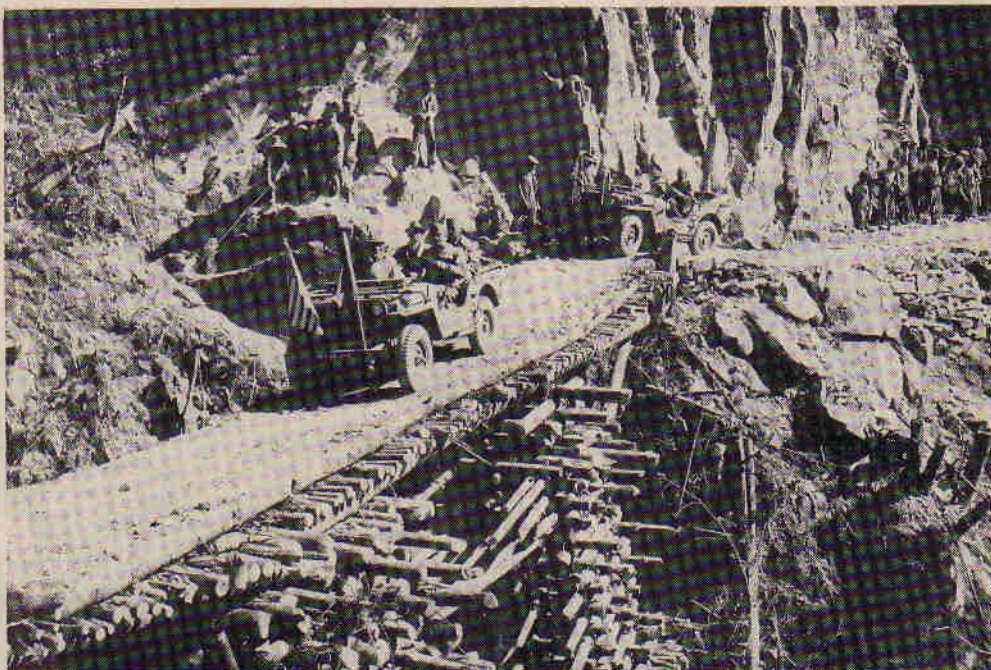
Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



JULY
1953





FLAG-BEDECKED JEEP, first over a newly completed section of the Ledo Road, passes over a log bridge near the Burma border. Photo December 28, 1944, by U.S. Army.



STANDING ON BANK of the Lu River after inspecting river boats in background near Liuchow are Lt. Gen. Simpson (with overseas cap), Commanding 9th Army in Europe; Lt. Gen. A. C. Wedemeyer (at Simpson's right) and Maj. Gen. R. B. McClure (third from right). The generals were on an inspection tour of the China Theater, July 21, 1945. U.S. Army photo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 7, No. 4

July, 1953

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published bi-monthly by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER Sept. 8, 1949, at the Post Office at Denver, Colo., under the act of March 3, 1879.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Beginning with the September 1953 issue, Ex-CBI Roundup will be published Monthly. New subscription rate, \$3.00 per year, \$5.50 two years. Subscription fees received at less than new rate will be applied at rate of 25 cents per copy.

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colo.

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Here's the good news** thousands of you have been waiting for: Beginning with the September 1953 issue, Ex-CBI Roundup will be published monthly. There will be no change in the size, format or quality of the magazine. New subscription rate will be \$3.00 per year for the 12 copies, no actual increase over the past rate of \$1.50 for six issues. All subscriptions on hand now will be adjusted, effective with the September issue, at the rate of 25c per copy.

● **Staff Artist Scott's** pen and ink sketches, first advertised in last issue of Roundup, have sold like wild-fire! And we've received many fine compliments on them. We are proud that Howard Scott selected Roundup to handle sales of the sketches and hope that all of you will want to buy a set of three for framing.

● **You'll remember** in last issue we commented that we'd been "toying" with the idea of making Roundup into a tabloid newspaper in order to be able to offer a monthly publication at less money. The criticism was tremendous! It seems that about 90% of our readers save each copy for more reminiscing in the future, and not one liked the idea of saving money by reducing the quality of the magazine. We're glad, of course, Roundup is so well liked and we pledge ourselves to continue publication of the best possible magazine.

JULY, 1953



Young Reader

● Here is a picture of my three-year old son, enjoying Ex-CBI Roundup magazine. Matter of fact, my whole family enjoys it.



Served with the 493rd Bomb Squadron, 7th Bomb Group, in India. P.S. That's a candy cigarette he's smoking.

FLOYD BOWERS,
Spokane, Wash.

Shrunken Runway

● Replying to E. A. Carson's inquiry about the length of the runway at Luliang, China, you may tell him that as Operations Officer of my old group at Misamari, he used to try and convince us that Luliang was 10,000 feet long. But at 0200 hours, with a lot of dust and the one long lighting generator they had there, I'll swear it shrank to about 4,000. At least it got down to that Christmas night of 1944 when Grovloff and myself went in there with one fan limping!

C. G. SANDERSON,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

First in CBI

● Here's hoping I can help Harry M. Wilson of Stuart's Draft, Va., by saying he was one of the first in CBI. I arrived in Karachi also in early March of 1942 and remember the outfits he mentioned.

OTTO LANGER,
San Francisco, Calif.

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To the Editor

Who's to Blame?

● In one of the old issues of Roundup, some reader wrote a lengthy letter in which he stated among other things that we CBI-ers are more or less responsible for today's Korean conflict and, possibly, for the tense situation throughout the world. The writer said that if we had stayed on as an occupational army in China, the Communists would not and could not have occupied the Chinese mainland to constitute the threat to world peace it does today. I have thought about this letter a good deal since reading it in Roundup, and have come to the conclusion he is partly right. Of course we CBI-ers are not to blame. Higher headquarters in Washington decided we would be sent home instead of staying on, and I'll frankly admit I would have been boiling mad if I had to stay on in China another year or so after the war was over. But I can see today that would have been the smartest move. It was surely a great blunder to withdraw all of our forces from China in 1946. Who's to blame for this?

JOHN K. REID,
Baltimore, Md.



CRUDELY CUT LOGS and planks were placed on the original abutments and used after this bridge between Tatang and Liuchow was destroyed. June, 1945, photo by U.S. Army.



NATIVES CONSTRUCT a 45-ton ice plant and cold storage warehouse for the QM Corps at Calcutta. Photo taken Jan. 17, 1945, by U.S. Army.

699th EPD Co.

● How about something in Roundup about the 699th Engineer Petroleum Distribution Co., which was so far as I know the first pipeline company over there. I was with the company during its complete tour which was mostly in Burma.

M/Sgt. E. CORBETT,
Kobe, Japan

Tigpur Pest Hole

● How about mention of Tigpur in the Assam Valley? Cannot recall seeing any comment regarding this pest hole of World War II.

ROBERT P. WILLIAMS,
Stockton, Calif.

Religion in China

● Am still highly pleased with your publication, especially with the story of the treatment of religion in China (May issue). Regular news outlets don't tell the frank story of the mistreatment of those unselfish and kind people who give their life's service to God and the heathen tribes of China to bring them Christian living and education. I often think back to my days at Kunming and mentally picture those young missionaries who had been in that forsaken country for ten years and how we griped at 10 months to two years. And they, still willing to stay on longer to bring Christ and civilization to those hill country barbarians. It felt good to see our men file out of church and practically fill a crate with yuan or American currency, but that again was a case of too little and too late . . . Never see mentioned my mother squadron, 86th Airdrome.

FRANK A. VANZO,
Edwardsville, Ill.

Licensed Brothels

● The January issue carried an MP story which stated, among other things, there were 3,000 licensed brothels in Calcutta. Who licensed these brothels?

CHARLES L. PIZZANO,
Dedham, Mass.

Not the U.S. Army, for sure!—Ed.

33rd Fighter Group

● Served in the 14th Air Force, China, and the 10th in Burma. 33rd Fighter Group, 58th Squadron. Haven't seen our outfit listed among the survivors as yet, but am sure time will heal this wound . . . Too corny to tell you that we enjoy your and our magazine, besides it's easy to see that we do because we like these people that are to receive it. Certainly brings back many memories which now seem to be pleasant, but which at the time lacked appeal. Best wishes for your continued success in your undertaking. You richly deserve it!

D. K. PENCE,
Washington, Ia.

Coincidence!

● Last summer when I sent in the renewal for Roundup, I wrote saying how sick my husband was at that time. My letter was published and in the same issue a letter from his doctor (Leonard Miragliuolo, M.D.) to you was published. What a coincidence. My husband is fine now and owes his life to that doctor.

Mrs. HORACE La BREE,
Bangor, Maine



MEN OF THE 478th QM Group are loading 4.2 mortar shells on weapons carriers to go on convoy to China. Trucks are lined up at the 3730th QM Truck Co. area at Lekhapani, two-mile point on the Ledo Road. U.S. Army photo.

1339th AAFBU

● I was in Finance Section, 1339th AAFBU. Would like to locate some of the fellows I worked with

HAROLD Z. HOAR,
311 Lincoln,
Meyersdale, Pa.

Copy Disappeared

● Please send me a new copy of the September 1952 issue. Left mine in the Legion Home one night and it completely disappeared by morning. Hope it found a new subscriber!

DAVID W. PARKS,
Easton, Pa.

591 Days as POW

● Was a member of the 436th Bomb Squadron, in India from Jan. 1943 to Jan. 1944. I was engineer on Murphy's crew until he was relieved, then on Butlenbach's crew until late 1943. I made my last two missions with Capt. Joy. One to Bangkok, the other to Mergue. We were shot down just after our bomb run was completed. I was the only survivor of the crash, spent the next 591 days in prison camps from Singapore to Japan.

GRANT L. BUTCHER,
Miles City, Mont.



LONG LINE OF Burmese escort Buddhist Archbishop Pandit U. Maingda on his return to liberated Mongmit, Burma. Photo taken March 19, 1945 by U.S. Army.

Chungking Street

● You may tell George Russell that I remember "Hsueh T'ien Wan" street in Chungking very well. I also recall the fortune teller who relieved me of a couple of thousand yuan for a reading that told me nothing.

WM. F. ENGLE,
Dallas, Texas

Best Service Squadron?

● Would like to hear from any member of the 377th Service Squadron, 51st Service Group, located at Mohanbari. This was one of the best service squadrons in CBI.

JOHN E. CHAPMAN,
1202 2nd Ave. N.
Estherville, Ia.

To the Editor

40 Years in China

● Although British, I had the pleasure of working for and with all units in various places in China after VJ-Day and would like to contact, possibly through your publication, some of the many friends I made out there but with whom I lost contact since coming to England from China. I've had nearly 40 years out there and have, as you may guess, a little of the "China-know-how."

G. E. ALBERT,
194 Dudden Hill Lane,
London, NW10, England

Clear and Loud

● Just finished looking over a copy of Ex-CBI Roundup and must say I am sorry that I didn't hear about it sooner. Going through its pages rings clear and loud memories that have faded during the years. I even recognized some names. Went to CBI in Feb. 1943 and assigned to the old 13th Ferrying Squadron. We flew C-47's out of Sookerating over the Hump and made drops in Burma.

TED SOLINSKI,
Louisville Times,
Louisville, Ky.

Beautiful Ceylon

● During the war I served as a medical officer with the 100th Station Hospital on Queensway in New Delhi for one year, then I was on detached service in other parts of the I-B theatre for a period of time. I had the opportunity to take a course in Tropical Medicine at the Tropical School of Medicine in Calcutta, where I had an excellent practical course and studied hundreds of cases of various diseases, such as cholera, typhoid fever, dysenteries, smallpox, kala-azar, typhus fever, dengue fever, rat-bite fever, Weil's disease and all types of malaria. Then I left India and went to Ceylon, the island of Paradise, where I was executive officer and chief of medical service at a small station (131st) hospital at the convent in Kandy, Ceylon. There I served with the Southeast Asia Command under Lord Louis Mountbatten whom I had the pleasure of meeting on several occasions and with whom I dined as his guest at the Governor's Pavillion at Kandy. Spent a year on this beautiful tropical island with its picturesque green vegetation, distant scenery and hills, and breath-taking panoramic views, its elephants, tea plantations and rubber tree plantations. At present I am the medical examiner for the State of New York, Department of Labor and I do private office medical practice in New York City.

LOUIS SINGER, M.D.,
New York, N. Y.

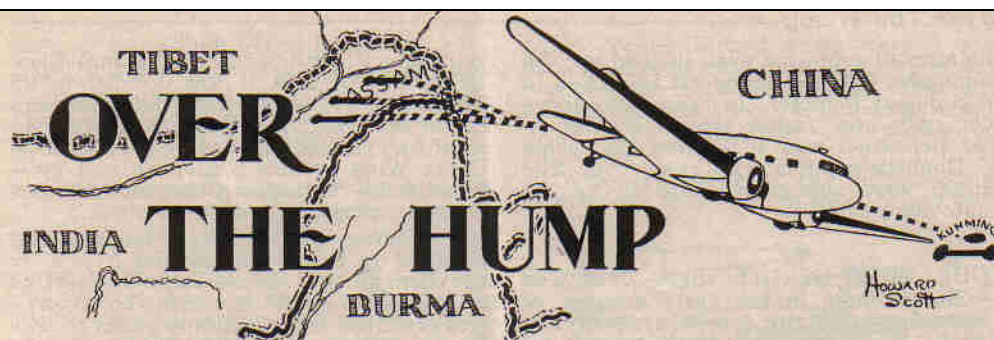


JOHN METZGER poses beside sign outside Orderly Room at 373rd Bomb Squadron Headquarters, Luliang, China. Note air raid siren and gas alarm signal on pole.

How About You?

● I certainly have enjoyed reading every copy of Ex-CBI Roundup. It sure brings back memories and I'll bet there isn't a single CBI-er who would not like to go back and re-visit that intriguing land, regardless of how rough he may have had it.

VIC ROLLO,
Hayward, Calif.



By Boyd Sinclair

(Copyright 1950)

THE MEN WHO jumped The Hump across the Himalayas from India to China flew 776,532 tons of war material across the highest mountain range in the world between December 1, 1942, and November 1, 1945. In accomplishing it, they lost 594 aircraft, 910 crew members, and 130 passengers killed or missing.

During its maximum airlift, the India-China Division of the Air Transport Command delivered war materials to China at the rate of 3.7 tons a minute. On August 1, 1945, the record day, 5,327 tons went over the mountains from India to China. On that date, the ATC division and other aircraft operating under its control, made 1,118 trips across the high ridges, involving more than 2,000 crossings of The Hump. Some of the planes made three trips.

July 1945 was the peak month of operation. During that month, ATC and Air Force tactical units operating under ATC supervision moved 77,266 tons.

"The Hump" is a term, origin unknown, which was applied to the air route across the northeastern edge of India, North Burma, and the Province of Yunnan in the southwestern part of China. A good relief map shows altitudes ranging from under 1,000 feet in a few places up to above 15,000 feet. There are peaks above 18,000 feet which no doubt were crossed at times. A little farther north some rise above 20,000. These ranges required a flying altitude of 18,000 to 20,000 feet, and flights were made without oxygen at times. I made one of them, and was just beginning to get a little sick when the pilot started dropping down for Kunming. Hardier souls apparently enjoyed the rare atmosphere.

Direct line of flight of The Hump airplanes was in a southeasterly direction, something which confused some passen-

gers going from India to China. When told that they were going to cross the Himalayas, they usually thought of going north, as the main range was in that direction. What was usually not thought of was, that on the east, the Himalayas curve south along the China frontier to the region of Bhamo, Burma.

In the early days of flying over The Hump, it was impossible to fly directly southeast toward Kunming, China. The Hump terminus on the China side, because practically all North Burma was occupied by the Japs. This made a curved flight necessary, the first part to the northeast. Even so, the planes often flew over Jap-occupied territory.

After the Japs were driven south in Burma, a more direct line could be flown, which enabled the pilots to make the trip at lower altitudes. Going from India to China, The Hump planes crossed the Naga Hills, the Patkai Range, the Kumon Range, and the south curve of the Himalayas.

The heaviest sustained aerial traffic in the world went over The Hump routes. Flights over The Hump, infamous for its bad weather, turbulent air, towering peaks, and dense jungles, were made by an assorted fleet of aircraft that included C-47s, C-46s, a few C-54s and C-109s. In comparison with the Stilwell Road and the Myitkyina-Kunming pipeline to China, the Hump jumpers delivered 451,000 tons of cargo over The Hump from February 1, 1945, to September 30, 1945, against 187,000 tons delivered by the former carriers combined.

The first flight over The Hump came April 8, 1942, by Brigadier General William D. Old, with a cargo of high octane gasoline intended for Doolittle's bombers, some of which were to land in China after their historic smash at Tokyo. In its earliest days, the operation was commanded by Brigadier General Caleb V. Haynes. It had a few battered old C-47's, which were joined by others flown by Pan-American pilots who flew as civilians.

It was a pitiful trickle of supplies those first few months, for only a handful of

JULY, 1953

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Over The Hump

the aircraft promised ever showed up, the remainder being grabbed off in Africa to help defeat Rommel. In those days there was only one usable airport in Assam, and personnel was so limited that some of Doolittle's pilots who came over The Hump were shanghaied into flying the route for awhile.

THE FIRST NIGHT flight over The Hump came in the early autumn of 1942 when Captain John Payne of Paducah, Kentucky, and his crew blazed the nocturnal air trail in a storm. When Payne was asked before his flight to China and back to India what was going to guide him into the bases, where field lights were then unknown, the husky, brown-haired former airline pilot shrugged and laughed.

"Destiny," he said.

There were rumbles of thunder and flashes of lightning on the night Payne took off with his hand-picked crew in a lumbering Douglas transport. His copilot was Lieutenant Jack Grossett. Captain John Borden acted as an observer aboard, and Sergeant Pasquale Maida was the radio operator. At times the crew could see the moon on the way to China, but most of the time they were on instruments because of storms which caused severe icing conditions. At one time, Payne flew into the edge of a thunderhead. Ice formed over the plane quickly, and Payne was forced to turn south and drop to a lower altitude to get rid of ice on the wings.

Payne hit the airport on the nose in China, faintly outlined by the dim lights of smudge pots. The pilot made a normal landing in the darkness. Shadowy coolies unloaded and reloaded the plane while Payne and his crew drank cups of steaming coffee before recrossing the mountains. Forty-five minutes after hitting the runway, they were on the way back, and two or three hours later they rumbled across the pitch-black field in Assam between more flickering smudge pots. Payne and his crew went off to bed.

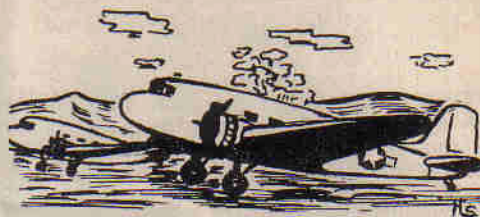
"I'm dead," Payne said. "It's been three hops over the Hump for me in 22 hours."

Early in 1943, the first C-46s arrived from the States and were put into use. The C-46 hauled far more than its predecessors, but it caused trouble, for it was relatively new and untried. Modifications had to be made on the spot with meager facilities. Eventually, the difficulties were ironed out, and the craft proved efficient and valuable.

About this time, the C-87, four-engined plane, was converted from bombing purposes, was tried out and proved another

satisfactory addition to The Hump fleet. In the fall of 1943, it was decided to fly The Hump 24 hours a day, and in December of that year, The Hump jumpers were cited by President Roosevelt. ATC's India-China Wing became a division and grew into the Air Transport Command's largest overseas project.

The Hump jumpers' vast tonnage was brought up across Bengal and Assam by the Bengal and Assam Railway, part of it American-operated, and the Army's trucks across India's bumpy roads to The Hump airfields in Assam. Soldiers in the Assam portion of CBI had a phrase, "Before The Hump Comes The Bump." Assam's roads, with their bumpy, up-and-



down surfaces, which deadened the posteriors of Quartermaster truck skinnners, were called "The Bump" by soldiers.

Probably the strangest flight ever made over The Hump was made by a Chinese soldier, who hitched the trip from Burma to China in the wheel well of a C-47. Corporal Jerry Schneider, a member of the plane's crew, discovered the Chinese after the craft had landed in China.

When the plane landed at Luliang, China, after the takeoff from Lashio, Burma, Schneider went to "safety" the landing gear. There he found a Chinese soldier huddled in the top of the wheel well. When Schneider spoke to him, the Chinese only groaned, and when the crew member looked closer, he saw that one of the man's hands was caught in the landing gear mechanism.

An engineering detail was rushed to the scene, and the plane was jacked up to extricate the hapless Chinese, who had a wrist and two fingers broken when the wheel folded into the well after the takeoff.

WHEN THE CHINESE soldier was questioned, he replied that he did not know the wheel of a plane retracted in flight. Homesick for China, he thought a wheel well would be a secluded compartment for a Hump trip. As the wheel came up, he squeezed himself into the small space between the landing gear and the belly of the plane, and in that cramped position, flew with his broken bones more than 500 miles, sometimes at alti-

tudes of more than 14,000 feet.

What was it like to make an ordinary, uneventful crossing of The Hump? A Texas GI's story of his experience tells the tale from the standpoint of a first trip.

"When the personnel officer came along at 4 o'clock one afternoon and told me I was going over The Hump," he related, "I had sense enough to know I wasn't going to crawl over the back of a camel. The general idea was that I was going to fly over the Himalayas, the highest hunks of rock in the world. The personnel officer was a Texan, too, and he gave me a little unofficial advice along with his official notice.

"Soldier, you'd better put on plenty of clothes, for you're going to be colder than a Rio Grande Valley rat caught in an Amarillo trap," he said.

"When I finished laying out everything I was going to wear," he continued, "I didn't have anything left but two barracks bags. I would have worn them if I could have figured a way to put them on without cutting out the bottoms.

"Right then the weather was hotter than a hothouse horseweed, but I decided it would be better to sweat then than shake later, so I began with shorts and undershirt, next a suit of longhandles, then a good, heavy, bright yellow sweat suit which was known as the "jaegers" and the "zoot chute" in my old Kelly Field days. Next came two pairs of cotton socks, a pair of woolen footwarmers over those, all barely fitting into my GI shoes. Over the three layers of underwear went a khaki uniform, woolen trousers and shirt, then a sweater, a pair of coveralls, a pair of lace leggings, a field jacket, and an overcoat. On my head went a woolen cap, a hood, and a steel helmet — and last, a pair of gloves.

"I was ready for the rude breath of the upper air, but was not prepared for the rude peals of laughter which echoed up and down the area when the sweat started seeping through the overcoat. When we got to the plane, the crew started dragging out parachutes for us. I had on so many clothes I couldn't get mine on, and ruefully I parted with the overcoat. I decided to use it for a footwarmer. The sweat kept pouring. Finally, we took off, and as we gained altitude, the sweat stopped. We were told to get ready to go upstairs, where the weather was colder than a dog's nose smelling out a snowbird.

"Pretty soon both little toes began to grow numb. Then the other toes soon caught on and caught cold. The same thing happened to the fingers, and then it moved right up the legs and arms. The

frigid feeling inched along until I was shaking like a candidate on election day — or a voter in an earthquake. That was the coldest ride I ever took except a six-block open taxi jaunt one winter in Amarillo.

"When we got up to the highest point, stars began to appear in front of my eyes



and my head began to whirl and my stomach started to jump and sink. We had no oxygen available at about 18,000 feet. Then we started to glide down. There was no sensation left except one of weakness. Thank God, we had a cold night in China when we landed less than two hours after the takeoff.

"I was sore about the whole thing. I didn't get to see The Hump, for the night was as dark as the Jap navy's prospect of controlling any part of the Pacific except the bottom," he concluded.

—THE END.

Be Sure to Attend the

6th ANNUAL REUNION

CBI Veterans Assn.

Hotel Schroeder

Milwaukee, Wis.

August 13-16, 1953



For Reservations Write

CBIVA Reunion Committee

P. O. Box 1848,
Milwaukee, Wis.

To the Editor

Heroic Father O'Gara

● I was deeply touched by the letter from George Glos-ter, S.J., in the May issue, which told of Father O'-Gara's heroic deed. Know-ing the plane was going to crash into the ocean, it was one of the most outstand-ing deeds of heroism I have ever heard of for him to force his parachute on a fellow passenger. Not that it would do him any good now, but did Father O'Gara receive the Congressional Medal of Honor posthu-mously?

FRED D. COHEN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Not to our knowledge.—
Ed.

Good 'Cajun' Coffee

● Am certainly glad that Roundup will become a monthly publication in Sep-tember. My check is en-closed for \$5.50 for a two-year subscription. Am in the concrete pipe and sand and gravel business here and would be delighted to have any ex-CBI-er passing through to stop by for a cup of that good "Cajun" coffee.

THOMAS G. BOSTIC,
Lafayette, La.

Close to Home

● The story, "Oh, what to tell Junior after the war!" in the May issue certainly must have hit close to home for a lot of CBI-ers. I've had bull sessions with a good many of our CBI guys and you should hear some of the tall tales they tell! And if they tell such exag-gerated stories to another CBI-er, heaven only knows what they tell their kids!

JOE BRINKMAN,
New York, N. Y.

1348th AAFBU

● I've been sponging Ex-CBI Roundups from a bud-dy of mine so I have de-cided to subscribe for it my-self because I've missed a few copies. You guys sure write a swell magazine. Brings back a lot of mem-ories of the boys I got ac-quainted with in CBI. Was stationed at Myitkyina, fly-ing C-47's with the 1348th AAFBU, and have landed at practically every air base in the CBI. For all CBI-ers interested in the length of the runway at Luliang, China, it is 197 feet wide and 9840 feet long, con-structed of stone and clay.

MICHAEL J. URAMKIN,
Allegan, Mich.

Knife and Map

● Would like to see in the magazine a story on the Gurkha knife with plenty of info on same. Also how about a map showing the location of all the major bases in the CBI during the war?

BOB GUYOT,
Traverse City, Mich.

Believe it or not, we can't find such a map in the whole Pentagon building. We're still working on it and may-be someday we'll be able to publish one.—Ed.



IN MINARET OF the Taj Mahal at Agra, India, is Lt. Bob Carney. Scene is looking toward Taj gateway. Carney is miss-ing in action since April 1944 when on a mission over Hong Kong with the 373rd Bomb Squadron. Photo by John Metzger.

AAF Cloth Maps

Prepared at the direction of the Commanding General, Army Air Forces, these maps represent the combined skills of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Aero-nautical Chart Service and the Army Map Service.

Printed in vigorous colors on soft, durable satin-rayon. Designed to be compact, light, resistant to water and the severities of tropics. To wash: Mild suds, warm water; or better, dry-clean.

Their prime purpose was to help our pilots, scouts, in-telligence personnel to escape unknown or enemy ter-ritory and waters.

All maps are new and perfect. All are printed on both sides except No. 36.

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| No. 34,40 — SE China, Luzon Is., 20x21 inches..... | .75 |
| No. 30,31 — So. Burma, No. Burma, 26x21 inches... | .50 |
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Orangeburg, N. Y.

PROGRAM

(Tentative)

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA VETERANS ASSOCIATION

6th Annual Reunion

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

August 13-14-15-16, 1953

Thursday, Aug. 13

- 10:00 a.m.—**Registration:** Hotel Schroeder Foyer.
- 1:00 p.m.—**Opening Session.** East Room.
Call to order.
The National Anthem.
Posting of colors.
Invocation.
Welcome Addresses: State Commander, Milwaukee Basha Commander, Milwaukee Auxiliary head, Reunion Chairman.
Introduction of Officers of CBIVA — Basha Commanders.
- 3:00 p.m.—**Operation CBI:** A Visit to Miller Brewery. Refreshments — Stein Hall.
- 7:00 p.m.—**Basha Funfest:** Blatz Brewery Auditorium
- 7:30 p.m.—**Smorgasbord Dinner.**
- 8:15 p.m.—**Music — Entertainment**
Presentation of Dignitaries—Mayor Frank P. Zeidler
Free Beer All Evening
- 11:00 p.m.—**Seeing Milwaukee's Nite Life**

Friday, Aug. 14

- 9:00 a.m.—**Registration:** Hotel Schroeder Foyer.
- 10:00 a.m.—**Reunion Session.** East Room.
Minutes of the last reunion.
Reports of the officers.
- 11:00 a.m.—**MEN — Luncheon** Guests of Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co.
- 12:00 **Noon—WOMEN—Auxiliary Luncheon** at Miller Brewery.
- 1:15 p.m.—**Reunion Session.** East Room.
State of the Union Message — CBIVA Commander
Appointment of Special Committees
- 2:15 p.m.—**Tour of the City.** See the "Home of the Braves"; Marquette University's new Brooks Memorial Union; Milwaukee's new multimillion dollar Arena; Milwaukee's beautiful lake shore drive.
- 3:00 p.m.—**Hindu Safari:** Destination — The Pabst Brewery
Refreshments—Pabst Stuernworth

- 6:00 p.m.—**CBI Puja:** Everyone in Native Costume
Hotel Schroeder Crystal Ballroom
Buffet Luncheon — Music — Entertainment
Bob Lee, the Singing MC of CBI-land and his Big Variety Review
Crowning of the Rice Paddy Queen
- 12:00 **Midnight—Seeing Milwaukee's Nite Life.**

Saturday, Aug. 15

- 9:00 a.m.—**Registration.** Foyer of Schroeder Hotel.
- 10:30 a.m.—**Dawn Patrol:** Visit the Schlitz Brewery
Refreshments in the Schlitz Brown Bottle.
- 12:00 **Noon—WOMEN—Auxiliary Luncheon** and Style Show
Schroeder Hotel Empire Room
- 1:00 p.m.—**Reunion Session:** East Room.
Report of Committee on By-laws
Unfinished business.
New Business.
Report of Committee on Resolutions — Action
Report of the Nonminating Committee.
Nominations
Election of New Officers
Adjournment
- 6:30 p.m.—**Reunion Banquet —** Crystal Ballroom
Clif Burmek's Giant Variety Review — Dancing
A Reunion Picture will be taken.
- 12:00 **Midnight—Seeing Milwaukee's Nite Life.**

Sunday, Aug. 16

- 1:30 p.m.—**Civic VJ Day Celebration Honoring CBI Veterans**
Blatz Temple of Music—Washington Park
Memorial Service
Gigantic Stage Show
- 5:00 p.m.—**Get-together for those staying over.**

JULY, 1953

11

GEORGE STEVENS *Stowaway*

By Ellsworth Green, Jr.

(Copyright 1953)

H E HAD THE saddest face and could cry the biggest tears! And it wasn't too obvious that he was not a real GI. The MP's led me over to where he was standing in the long line of American soldiers. There he waited with others on the King George Docks in Calcutta to board the USS "Marine Skipper," to start that long-dreamed of journey to "Shangri-La."

George Stevens was his name, and until he appeared it had been an uneventful night. I had been wandering around the docks and through the ship while my loading officer and his crew were putting several thousand soldiers aboard. I was sitting on a jute bale, idly watching a dock guard run after a coolie who had walked away from the ship (instead of up the gangplank) with the baggage he was carrying on his head, when the MP's came to ask me what to do with an attempted stowaway. At their request I went down the line to the check-in gate to get a look at the culprit.

I found a nice-looking lad, a little short and a little young to be in the army. He was more or less properly out-fitted in GI suntans, shoes, air corps officer's cap, enlisted men's insignia, and even dog tags (worn on the outside). He had a duffle bag that looked just like the ones the others were carrying (but merely stuffed with four blankets and a comforter to make it look full), and there he stood with the soldiers lined up after getting out of the trucks as though he

had come with them from the Kanchrapara Replacement Depot. Yes, he had all the props. So, despite his youthful appearance (14 years) he might have gotten by our checkers at the gate except for one small detail—his name wasn't on the shipping list! He, and apparently his GI collaborators, didn't know about that final safeguard. As each man passed through the loading gate to his magic carpet (the "Marine Skipper" to you) a member of our loading crew called out his name which was checked against our list of passengers. Once in a while some soldier got a little too much bamboo gin or had become enchanted by a local siren and failed to report for shipment. By using our check-in system, we often learned it in time to locate the reluctant returnee and put him on the ship before it sailed. With George, this was a new twist! Here was someone trying to go aboard whose name wasn't on the list!

But let's listen to George's story as he told it while giant teardrops made interesting patterns in the dust as they streaked down his face. It was a rather handsome face which, in the parts washed clean by the tears, was a sort of milk chocolate color. There were great big shadows under his eyes which might have been malnutrition, disease, lack of sleep, or more likely just the result of his weeping.

He was what Occidentals who lived in the Orient called an "Anglo" or half-caste; his mother having been Burmese and his father a British soldier. After they were both killed in Burma, American soldiers smuggled him into Assam; then as we closed one installation after another, they had brought him along through India to Kanchrapara, just 40 miles from Calcutta.

There he had slept with the GI's in their desert tents, eaten in their mess halls, worn their cast-off clothes, and even reported at an orderly room for a weekend pass to Calcutta. More amazing still—he got the pass!

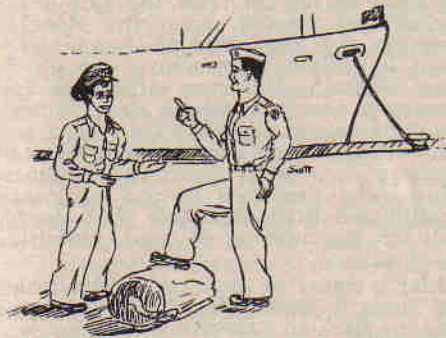
My reaction was—now I've seen everything! Every once in a while we had had to chase an over-ambitious girl out of some camp, and it was nothing unusual to find that the GI's had managed to hide a

THIS STORY is from a manuscript which will be submitted to the publishers some time within the next year titled, "The Friends Thou Hast." Author Green used as his reference material the trunk full of letters he wrote to his wife during his two years in CBI. Green was National Commander of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association in 1949-50, is executive manager of the Kansas City, Kansas, Chamber of Commerce, and is currently serving as Commander of the Kansas Department of Disabled American Veterans.

dog, mynah bird, or sometimes even a monkey while they traveled thousands of miles and passed dozens of inspections. But this matter of keeping a refugee under our very noses for months amazed even me a little—and I thought nothing could surprise me after two years in the Orient.

Apparently George had been very happy at Kanchrapara and didn't mind that he had new tentmates every few weeks as one outfit shoved off for home and another moved in. The soldiers who were leaving had always seemed to be able to make arrangements with new arrivals to assume the responsibility of caring for their Burmese waif. It was fine while it lasted, but the time had come when we announced the closing of the Kanchrapara Depot; so George had gone along with the last shipment of soldiers as they were moved into port on the Hooghly River. The tag in his pocket directed whoever read it Stateside to send him to the home of a sergeant in Bull Horn, Texas.

But so far he hadn't gotten to Bull Horn or even Seattle. In fact, he hadn't even been aboard the ship. There he stood, heaving huge sighs and sobbing with his entire body while the MP's gently reminded me that they were waiting for instructions as to what to do with him. From a strictly technical standpoint there were numerous counts against him: The U.S. Army uniform he was wearing made him guilty of possessing stolen merchan-



dise and impersonating a soldier; his "visits" at Kanchrapara and other bases constituted unauthorized entry into American Military establishments; he had just been attempting to steal a ride on a U.S. ship; and, of course, most serious of all, he was an alien refugee who had entered India without benefit of passport. I knew all of this, but as I looked at the forlorn youngster, I kept thinking, "This is no criminal . . . he's just a kid who has been orphaned and made homeless by the war."

One of the MP's broke into my reverie with, "We hate to turn him over to the Civilian Police, Sir; they're mean to their prisoners and their jails are filthy," as he again tried to get me to tell him what to do. But this statement made my decision an even more difficult one because it started vivid pictures flashing through my mind. I again saw the two Ghurka guards I had once attempted to stop as they slowly and mercilessly beat a coolie to death while they were getting a "confession." They suspected him of having stolen a shirt, but actually knew nothing. I had no sooner forced the bloody scene from my mind than I recalled the burly desk sergeant who "softened up" the suspect by knocking his unfortunate victim down and kicking him in the face with his hob-nailed boot before he started asking questions.

Yes, the Civilian Police were cruel and would probably give George some scars on his wholesome-looking face that would be much more permanent than the marks left by the tears and dust. Those tears of his tugged at my heartstrings while all the time I kept telling myself, "Don't do anything foolish. Why get yourself into a mess of trouble? There's nothing you can do about it anyway."

Finally, as a compromise between my conscience and my judgment, I suggested to the MP's that instead of turning him over to the Calcutta Police, they let George sleep at the MP headquarters that night and then try to get him a job at the American Red Cross Club the next morning. They agreed to this, so in a few minutes he had vanished from my sight. But, somehow I couldn't get him out of my mind.

I EVENTUALLY went back to my quarters to bed (if you can call a charpoy a bed) but not to sleep. All the rest of the night I kept seeing those great big eyes so brimfull of tears. After a breakfast which I didn't taste, and hardly saw, I went to work knowing that I was going to do something very foolish. Sure enough, it wasn't long before I called the Provost Marshal and asked him to let me have the boy back.

Of course he gave me a lecture to the effect that I couldn't correct all the evils of war, and that after two years of such things I should know better than to let my sympathy overrule my judgement. He pointed out that the Indian Government would never permit me to put George on our civilian payroll because he had made an illegal entry into the country. I told him that if he would let me give the boy a job, I would pay his salary out of my own pocket, and the Indian Civil Service would know nothing about it. I also said

George Stevens, Stowaway

that when we finally closed our camp and left the country, I would personally pay for his next year's education in a mission school.

The Provost would promise me nothing. But since the case had not been reported to him and his only information was that which I had just given, he agreed to investigate.

About fifteen minutes later he called me back, and in a much less adamant mood said he would go along with me but that I would have to accept full responsibility for keeping George off States-bound vessels. After expressing my gratitude, I reminded him that I was in charge of loading the troopships, and promised to keep a close watch over the levy.

The Provost Marshal told me I could get George at the Lindsley Street MP Station. However, when I got there and after the MP's had stalled me for awhile, they sheepishly admitted that they hadn't brought him to the station at all, but had taken him to a private home in Calcutta. I asked an MP who knew the way to take me there at once. After winding through many narrow streets (in an out-of-bounds area) crowded with plodding oxen pulling wooden carts loaded with tea, spices, jute, sisam wood and oriental wares; be-turbaned bicycle riders; sweating coolies pulling rickshaws; placid cows contentedly chewing their cud, undisturbed by the steady stream of confusion which constantly swerved around them, and bare-foot natives, seemingly darting in all directions at once, we stopped in front of a tenement-type of building which looked like it had withstood many a tropical storm. He took me to a flat which was reasonably clean though almost barren of furniture, and presented me to a rather attractive, barefoot Indian girl wearing a European-style dress and American lipstick.

It developed that this girl, called Margaret (where she got that name I'll never know) had been keeping company with an MP buddy of the sergeant who had attempted to sneak George into the U.S. The sergeant was already enroute home, but the MP who apprehended George, knew about the girl and had taken George to her the night before instead of to the MP station as I had instructed. She admitted that George had slept there; but in the morning after he arose and was sent to take a bath, he quietly slipped out through another door. She told us she had sent her brother after him, but that George had successfully eluded him.

Although she appeared to be a nice youngster, I didn't quite believe her. So in a voice which was loud enough for him to hear if he were hiding in the flat, I said, "It's a mistake for George to try to

get on the ship (which had not yet sailed) because my men will catch him. This time we will have to turn him over to the Civilian Police and you know how they will treat him."

Margaret still insisted that she didn't know where he was, so I told her that if she saw George again, I hoped she would advise him to keep himself out of serious trouble by coming out to my headquarters. There I would see that he had food and shelter for as long as I remained in India. Also that before I left the country, I would get him into a good school and pay his tuition for at least a year.

Her reply was, "That's the trouble; he doesn't want to go to school. All of his American friends have gone home and he just can't think of anything but going to America." I realized I wasn't going to accomplish anything through her, so I told the MP to have the dock covered. I then went down to the "Skipper" where I asked the transport commander to shake it down. It was all in vain, however, as I had expected; for with several hours start, George had plenty of time to get himself well-hidden aboard the ship. Deck by deck, in hold after hold, the SP's checked every place. A number of native women who were going to America as "war brides" were aboard and we suspected that they would hide George if they had the chance. So we asked some Red Cross girls to check their cabins, but none would admit having seen a stowaway.

I even stayed on after the ship lifted anchor and started down the Hooghly river, in the hope that if George were there he might feel secure enough to show himself. However, after one last wonderful dinner of tender steak, American style catsup, delicious ice cream, and non-dehydrated potatoes with, wonder of wonders . . . fresh apples, I reluctantly refused the proffered second steak and ruefully admitted to myself that George had, for the moment at least, outwitted all of us.

After a signal to the navy J-boat which had been following to pick me up and take me back to Calcutta, I climbed over the ship's rail and down the Jacob's ladder with no more idea of George's whereabouts than when I had left Margaret's flat, hours before. As I looked down at the swirling, stinking, murky waters of what the GI's called the "Horrible Hooghly," I remembered the many stories about how the giant turtles ate children when they fell or were thrown into the river, and shuddered as I realized that George's lot could be even worse.

For days, every time the sergeant brought in a cablegram, I more or less expected it to be a message that George

had been apprehended aboard the "Skipper." On the other hand, every time a report came in from the MP's, my heart skipped a beat because I was afraid I might be told that George had been found in Calcutta and was in the custody of the local police. I worried about him, even though by taking matters into his own hands, he had probably saved me lots of effort, headaches, and expense. He was such a cute little youngster and so utterly heartbroken, with a wonderful future if he got to America, and so little to look forward to if he were forced to remain in India as an alien refugee.



No word came from George and the pressure of other activities gradually pushed him out of my mind until, finally, after my own return to the United States I found myself wondering about the missing boy only at very infrequent intervals. More than three years passed without my hearing from or of George.

One evening as I was driving along an Illinois highway I heard a radio announcer follow the playing of "Turkish Delight" with the invitation, "If you served in the China-Burma-India theater during World War II, plan to attend the first reunion of CBI veterans to be held in Milwaukee, August 27-28-29." It seemed like a good idea, and I decided to attend the reunion. As the first session progressed it developed that this was their organization meeting so, despite my good intentions of being merely an "observer" I soon found myself on the platform, suggesting ways and means of perfecting an organization.

Just as I was in the middle of an explanation of how to formally organize, I suddenly found myself looking at two very penetrating eyes in a dark face which somehow seemed familiar. I almost forgot to continue talking as I stared at the young man standing in a far corner, surrounded by some Orientals who were apparently exchange students attending American universities. At first I didn't quite recognize him, but gradually memories of George came creeping back through my mind. At the first opportunity I left the stage and rushed back to the corner, but the object of my interest had disappeared. Although I peered

into virtually every face throughout the rest of the reunion, my search was fruitless.

For awhile I was more or less wondering and worrying about George, but as time went by memory faded and I had once more almost forgotten about him, when two years later, at the third annual reunion of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association in Bloomington, Illinois, I looked up from my position at the head table just as I was introducing the Korean Ambassador, and saw those same eyes peering at me from a table in the back of the room. I couldn't leave while the Ambassador was speaking, but just as soon as I could gracefully excuse myself, I rushed back to the table, which seemed to be filled mostly with Texans. As might have been expected, the object of my search had again disappeared, and though I questioned practically all of the ex-GI's at the table, none of them would admit having even seen him there.

This year the sixth annual reunion of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association will be in Milwaukee and I expect to be there; not only to swap pleasant little lies with old buddies, but in the hope that this time the big-eyed urchin will not elude me and that I will find there was a happy ending to the story of GEORGE STEVENS, Stowaway.

—THE END.

Important Notice!

Beginning with the next issue (September) Ex-CBI Roundup will be published MONTHLY! New subscription rate is \$3.00 per year, \$5.50 two years. Subscriptions already accepted at the old rate of \$1.50 per year for six issues will be adjusted at the regular rate of 25c per copy.

Because publishing expenses will be doubled, all subscribers whose subscriptions are due to expire within the next few months are urgently requested to renew NOW! Remaining issues you have coming at the old rate will be added to your renewed subscription.

Roundup hopes the change to a monthly magazine will result in a bigger and better reminiscing magazine. Keep those letters coming in. We need twice as many now!

CLARENCE GORDON, Editor

To the Editor

'Forgotten Theatre'

● The documentary story — recorded — called "The Forgotten Theatre," which is one of the projects the Chicago Basha is rushing for completion in time to play at the National Reunion in Milwaukee, is coming along beautifully. It is done in a similar vein to the March of Time, and uses the actual voices of Roosevelt, Truman, Stilwell, Phil Cochran, Gen. Pick and others. I have written it, and the information recorded is all factual and substantiated from WD records.

ROBERT E. LEE,
Chicago, Ill.

Mexico Like India?

● Just returned from Mexico City and as is usual when traveling I met a CBI-er down "South of the Border." For other CBI veterans who are pining for a trip back to India and other points, I would recommend a trip to Mexico. This land lacks only the intense heat and the various smells of which India had the most of. Oh, then also the beggars are not as numerous either, but still one could almost feel the similarity, and in some cases see it also.

R. J. LUEDEMANN,
St. Paul, Minn.

48th Air Depot Group

● Was in the Chabua area for almost two years with the 48th Air Depot Group, Hq. Sq. All I have to do to get a raise out of most of the CBI boys and gals around here is to tell about our squadron baker, Joe Brinster, and the pastries he made for us. I understand that he was one of the very few in India.

HOWARD E. CAMPBELL,
Olin, Iowa

'Vinegar Joe'

The editor wrote Mrs. Joseph Stilwell last month, asking if the title "Vinegar Joe" would be offensive to the memory of the late General. Here is her reply:

● I was interested to hear that you are going to carry a story about General Stilwell and am looking forward to reading it. The title of Vinegar Joe is not in the least offensive to me. In fact, we all consider the name quite amusing, as did the general himself. It was almost 25 years ago at Ft. Benning, Ga., that he was first called that. One of his less brilliant students had done some stupid trick, and of course General Stilwell couldn't let it go by without making some appropriate remarks! The next day

Back Issues!

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The Roundup

P. O. Box 1769
Denver 1, Colo.

a cartoon appeared on the bulletin board, mysteriously. It showed a jug of vinegar, with a rather sour but funny caricature of the general (then Lt. Col.) on it. Below was the inscription, "There may be poison in your bowels." My husband thought it extremely funny, and had copies made of the drawing to give to his friends. I still have some of them. Naturally, when a man becomes well-known, somebody will dig up such a name from his past; so that's how he became known as "Vinegar Joe" in CBI. You may use the title with my blessing.

WINIFRED STILWELL,
Carmel, Calif.

86th Airdrome Squadron

● Very happy to learn Roundup is going to be published monthly. Wish in some issue you could locate some of the members of the 86th Airdrome Squadron who were with the 7th Bomb Group in India.

ARTHUR B. WEY,
Quanah, Texas

CBI Lapel Pins

(Screw-on Type)

Price only \$1.00 each

They are tiny—only ½-inch high, ¾-inch wide—but will catch the eye of any CBI-er you chance to meet.

The pin is truly beautiful, with careful attention given to detail. You must be satisfied that the pin is worth more than the price asked or your money will be refunded immediately.

SEND FOR YOURS TODAY

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP

P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colo.

It Happened In CBI

One morning a companion and I left the air base at Yangkai, China, in a borrowed Jeep, determined to do some sight-seeing. We followed a trail up into some hills until there was no longer room for our vehicle. Dismounting, we walked over to a rocky rim from where we beheld a beautiful lake directly below us whose waters were sparkling in the sun like a giant diamond. As we surveyed the gem at our feet, we felt akin to the pioneers of America when they trekked into the wilderness years ago. Presently we were interrupted by the unmistakable sound of American voices and there below were two GI's scrambling up among the rocks. One of them called up to us saying, "Might as well head back to the base . . . there's no fish in this damned puddle!"—R. J. LUEDEMANN, St. Paul, Minn.



One morning, after having stayed awake most of the night during the battle of Myitkyina, I stretched out in a built-to-order foxhole to have a cat nap. As was the custom when you stayed in the same foxhole for a few days, I had tunneled it so that I could stretch out my feet. I was almost asleep when I felt something running up my left leg on the inside of my fatigues. I quickly sat up and clamped both hands around my leg near the vital spot and cut off its progress. It then turned around and ran back down my leg. And out the bottom of my pant leg came one of the biggest rats I had ever seen. Except for getting shot, this was the closest I ever came to being ruined!—VIC ROLLO, Hayward, Calif.

YOU MAY WIN \$5.00!

Contributions for "It Happened In CBI" are invited. Only true incidents which occurred in CBI are acceptable. Best brief contribution published in each issue is worth \$5.00 to the writer. Readers are encouraged to send in their entries. Shorter the better. Send your story to the editor now for inclusion in next issue. Winners will be notified before entry is published.

While serving with the Engineer Training Section at Ramgarh, we had in our employ a young Moslem. He spoke English very well, so we used him as an interpreter when it was necessary to instruct our coolies as to their duties. The large majority of us, being instructors, were either officers or non-coms, with the exception of a few privates. One of these privates' main duties was to do maintenance work at our training area. He was a conscientious and hard-working fellow and was always on the job. One day our private did not show up at the training area for work, whereupon our youthful interpreter exclaimed, "Where is the American coolie?!" — R. J. VERBEECK, Merrick, N. Y.



Winning Entry

The night Joe E. Brown appeared at Ledo, we had just sat down to watch the show when the air raid alarm sounded. As everyone leaped to run for cover, Joe said, "Sit down, fellas . . . it's nothing." As the men began to take their seats again a full colonel stepped up on the stage and screamed, "Get the hell out of here . . . and fast!" We never did see Joe E.'s show.—CHARLES H. WILSON, Roselle Park, N.J.

It was the usual custom of many enlisted men who were quartered at the Royal Hotel, Karachi, to spend evenings bicycling about the city. On many occasions, a pass was not deemed necessary. To those of you who have "lived" in Karachi, you will recall that much of the city was off limits to American troops. Garden Road was not off limits, but areas on either side of it were. One of the members of the 675th Base Depot Co, often called at a Mission on Garden Road, operated by an Italian Sisterhood. Having immigrated to the U.S. from Italy in 1938, he visited the nuns who had once lived near his former home. On one evening after such a visit at the Mission, he was just leaving the gate when he was challenged by a newly recruited MP. There he was 15 or 20 feet off limits and no pass. To the new MP there could be no explanation for being caught off limits without a pass, so there was only one procedure to take. My buddy was taken to the nearest "Pro" station where, with some of his comrades, he was "made clean!" Being a fellow of good character, he was fit to be tied. We swore not to tell a soul about it, outside of the CBI Theater.—PHIL ALDRICH, Milbank, S.D.

To the Editor

Past Relived

● Enjoyed Boyd Sinclair's article on "Merrill's Marauders" in the March issue. It covered the Marauders' activities very well. I relived my past while reading it.

ALFRED CALFAPIETRA,
Mineola, N. Y.

308th Bomb Group

● My CBI experiences started with the 308th Bomb Group. Went overseas with them. After several months at Agra, India, I was transferred to the 23rd Fighter Control Squadron in China.

J. M. McSHURLEY,
Columbus, Ohio

492nd Bomb Squadron

● My husband and I both enjoy the magazine very much. He was with the 492nd Bomb Squadron. We plan to attend the CBI Reunion in Milwaukee. We had a good time in Bloomington (in 1950).

Mrs. EDW. W. ALLEN,
Peoria, Ill.

General Wilson

● Am expecting orders transferring me to Casablanca, French Morocco. Will you please change my mailing address.

W. K. WILSON, Jr.,
Brig. Gen., USA,
APO, New York, N.Y.



THREE SOLDIERS WATCH Chinese workers ram earth for the foundation of a building at Kunming. This is their method of building structures out of mud and water. U.S. Army photo.



"NIP NIPPER," veteran B-24 of the 373rd Bomb Squadron, sent back to the U.S. for a War Bond tour after 50 missions from China. Photo by John Metzger.

Film for Sale

● I have 600-feet of 16mm color film on two reels in metal cans. Scenes, among others, of Myitkyina, Ledo, Dr. Seagrave, Kunming Temple, New Delhi. Will sell for \$30.00. Money back upon return of film if not pleased.

BOYD SINCLAIR,
1405 E. 38½ St.,
Austin, Texas

Roundup will gladly stand behind feature writer Sinclair's offer.—Ed.

Hq., 10th Air Force

● . . . please say hello to all the fellows who were with Headquarters, 10th Air Force, in Assam and Burma.

ART MEYER,
N. St. Paul, Minn.

'Tiger Rag' Editor

● A lot of your readers may recall me as the editor of "Tiger Rag," which circulated throughout the Bengal Air Depot near Calcutta. I got to be quite a collector of the miniature Bronze Hindu gods and goddesses. However, I need a lot more to fill my shelves. If any readers brought back these Hindu or Tibetan items in bronze and do not want them any more, I will be glad to buy them. . . . We have four CBI men here at Pan American whose tongues are hanging out waiting for each new edition of Roundup to come through.

GENE BERNALD,
Pan American
Broadcasting Co.
17 E. 42nd St.,
New York 17, N. Y.

Wants Reunion Rider

● If anyone plans to go to the Milwaukee reunion from Detroit, I would be glad to have them ride with me.

MARVIN WILDT,
1835 Highview,
Dearborn, Mich.

Forgotten L-Pilots

● Enjoy the fine magazine, but how about hearing from some of the forgotten L-Pilots that flew with the First Air Commando Group?

DUANE K. FUDGE,
Newman Grove, Nebr.

THIS REWARD POSTER, distributed by the Army Criminal Investigation Division to installations throughout the CBI Theater, gave evidence of the intensity of the search for a soldier-murderer. This is a story about the almost legendary

PERRY MANHUNT

By
George R. Flamm

Vilas C. Rice, in a letter printed in a recent issue of this publication, suggested an article on the Perry chase. It's a good topic and it is surprising that someone hasn't written about it before. Even though Herman Perry turned out to be a bad actor he was, in many ways, a remarkable man. He was the cause of the most extensive manhunt in the CBI Theatre and he would have escaped the clutches of the MPs much longer—maybe forever—if he had not had a yearning for a good American cigarette and if he had not come down with diarrhea and dysentery.

No doubt others will write about the Perry manhunt but I believe I have some information that others may fail to mention, including a couple of reward posters that were placed in Assamese and Burmese villages. These posters were even dropped from planes over remote jungle villages. There was a reward of Rupees 1000 on Perry, a lot of money for the ordinary jungle native.

Before getting down to Perry, I should like to wander a bit. Vilas C. Rice, men-

tioned in paragraph 1, was my old Commanding Officer (1332 AAF Base Unit, Mohanbari, Assam, India) and when I say "old" I am not referring to age. Rice, I believe, was one of the youngest commanding officers of any of the Air Force bases. I don't know how old (or young) he was, but he appeared to be in his twenties. And he was a damned good Commanding Officer. No monkey business. Mohanbari was not a show place crowded with VIPs. It was a place where work got done. Mohanbari, month after month, was tops in tonnage delivered over the Hump. In 1944, under Rice's leadership, Mohanbari received an EXCELLENT rating, the only such rating received by any India-China Division base during that year. Rice was a Major at that time and, shortly after, was promoted to Lt. Colonel.

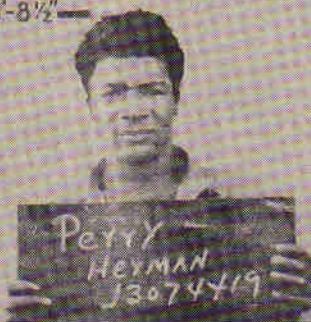
It was through Major Rice that I had my first low-down on this almost legendary Perry, an American soldier who hailed from Washington, D. C. and who had been working on the Ledo Road.

It was shortly before Christmas of 1944 and it had been decided that the Mohan-

Rs 1000 REWARD

FOR APPREHENSION OF PVT. HERMAN PERRY,
AMERICAN SOLDIER (COLORED) ESCAPED CONVICT
UNDER DEATH SENTENCE

5'-8½"



DESCRIPTION:

RACE... NEGRO
HEIGHT... 5'8½"
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS...
CAULIFLOWER EAR
BROAD FLARING NOSE
COLOR... CHOCOLATE BROWN
WEIGHT... 160-170 LBS.
HAIR... BLACK, BUSHY, 1" LONG
DRESS - SUN TAN SLACKS OR FATIGUES

ANY INFORMATION REGARDING THIS MAN SHOULD
BE COMMUNICATED TO NEAREST OFFICE OF THE
CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION DIVISION, U.S. ARMY

LEDO 121 • SHINGBWIYANG 23-R-2 • MYITKYINA SOS-27

JULY, 1953

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Perry Manhunt

bari movie house would be brightened with Yuletide decorations. One pilot had reported that he had seen fir or pine trees on one of the mountains near the Ledo Road and Major Rice detailed me to check into this. A motor pool driver, a pilot from Oklahoma and I took a truck and started out for the Christmas Tree Mountain. Just before reaching Ledo, we were stopped by a road block. There were MPs all over the place. Our truck was searched and, naturally, we wanted to know what it was all about. MPs gave us conflicting stories. One told us that they were looking for Herman Perry who had just escaped from the stockades. This soldier, he said, on being reprimanded had pulled out a pistol and had shot his Commanding Officer. Another one told us that Perry had originally gone AWOL, had got high on opium and marijuana in an Indian village and that, on being apprehended, had killed one of the men who had been ordered to pick him up. I'm not sure, but I believe the latter story is the correct one.

As another side-light, I wish to mention that we didn't find the fir trees. We didn't find Perry, either. We went as far as Shingbuiyang, Burma, and then came back. Maybe the pilot had seen fir trees from his plane on one of those Burma mountains, but there were none near the road. We did decorate the theatre, though. There were poinsettias growing in the jungles near Mohanbari. They grew on large bushes, some of which grew over ten feet high. The bushes themselves resembled lilac bushes. We had to use an ax to chop off the limbs. The poinsettias, along with other jungle flowers, vines and branches, were festooned all over the theatre. Merry Christmas in Assam, 1944!

Now to get back to Perry!

After committing murder, Herman Perry made for the jungle. He had a gun, and lived off what he could shoot and what he could pick. A few days later he was stopped by a British detail and he told them that he was lost and that he was trying to find his outfit. They believed him and provided him with food and atabrine tablets.

He took to the jungle again and ended up in a headhunters' village. He wormed his way into the headhunters confidence, learned their language, became a member of the tribe and married the headman's daughter.

Perry had an easy life. As was the custom, his woman did all the work. He spent his time hunting and his wife raised rice, ganja and opium. "I smoked myself to sleep every night," he reported later.

In the meantime the authorities were making an extensive search for the elu-

sive GI. Rumors were floating around that he had been seen in different sections of Assam. It is possible that he could have evaded the MPs until after the war ended, as I mentioned before, if he had not had a yearning for American cigarettes. He began sending his headhunter friends to Ledo for smokes. The Army became suspicious of the runners and, one night, MPs followed one of them back to Perry's village. This was five months after the murder had been committed.

Perry was warned of the approach of the Americans and headed for the jungle again. The MPs closed in on him, wounded him and brought him back to Ledo. He was hospitalized for two months, then was locked up in a stockade awaiting his trial. But this wasn't the end for Perry. He cut through the barbed wire one night and again escaped into the jungle.

There are all kinds of stories about Perry during the next five months, many contradictory. This much we know: The entire Burma-Assam area was put on the alert and it turned out to be one of the biggest manhunts in the history of the U.S. armed forces. Jungle villages were combed and Assamese and Burmese police were informed. K-9 dogs were used in the search and, in addition, the British employed Indian bloodhounds. Planes searched over the jungles and dropped leaflets (featuring his photograph) over remote and almost inaccessible villages.

Perry still remained free, if surviving alone in the jungle can be called free. It appears that he shaved his head and dressed in Indian garb and learned enough Hindustani to get by without arousing the suspicions of the natives he met.

One day Perry committed a blunder. It was a foolish thing to do but he robbed some American negroes, at gun point, of a \$30 bank roll. He was reported and, the next day, MPs tracked him down and shot him in the shoulder.

He got away again, this time for only a few weeks. Sick with dysentery and diarrhea, he was picked up near the Disang River.

How he was captured is another story which will result in my wandering a bit again. I met the Indian policeman who was largely responsible for Perry's capture. He was Arun Handrique, assistant police chief of Jaypur, a village about 25 miles from Dibrugarh.

It was through Capt. Cecil C. (Shorty) Gray that I met Arun. Shorty Gray had a knack for picking up unique characters. One night he brought back to camp with him five or six soldiers of the French Foreign Legion. Some of this group were Germans who had escaped from the Nazi army and had joined the Legion. They

had been in Thailand where the Japs had routed them. They escaped by retreating through Thailand, Burma and into Assam. Another time Shorty, who had been detailed to find a site for a rest camp in the mountains where it was cooler, returned with a dwarf headhunter who was not much over three feet tall. The little headhunter became Shorty's mascot and was a favorite of the Mohanbari Air Base for several months. Shorty, whenever a crowd would gather, would ask him what the name of the capitol of the United States was, and the little headhunter would say, "Jasper, Alabama," and would then laugh like hell. Of course, Shorty had taught him this and you can guess where Shorty lived!

Shorty also brought Arun Handrique to Mohanbari one night, a day or two after Perry's capture. Arun was all excited about Perry. It seems that some natives had seen a suspicious looking character in the jungle, sick with diarrhea and dysentery, and had reported it to Arun who immediately investigated. He noticed that Perry, although dressed like an Indian, had hair that was kinky and

curley. "That's no Indian," thought Arun. As soon as he could cycle back to headquarters, he notified the MPs, and guided them to Perry.

The MPs closed in. "The MPs sneaked up behind him," reported Arun. "One of them placed a gun to the back of his head. That's how he was captured."

This created a mental problem for Arun. He was a Hindu who did not believe in killing any living thing, even an insect. Even the eating of eggs was taboo to him because they contained the germ of life. "If I had known that he was going to be hanged I wouldn't have reported him," said Arun.

About the reward: "My wife won't let me accept the reward," complained Arun, "because Perry's going to be killed."

I don't know whether Arun was offered the reward—and if so, whether he accepted it. Anyway, if anyone tells you that the man is the boss of the Indian family, he's nuts. Only out in public. That's what Arun once told me, anyway.

— THE END.

ဆုငွေ ၁၀၀၀

သောတိဏ်အပ်နိကျဉ်းခြင်းသော အကျဉ်းသော အသေခံကာလ
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ရုပ်သိမ်း။

ကဏ္ဍလူမျိုး (၁)
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ကိုယ်ကသည်။

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**KUMHPA
GUMHPRAW 1000**

SAT NA MATU JEYANG KAU SAI HERMAN PERRY MYING AI
AMERIKAN NEGRO HPYENLA HTAWNG NA LAWT PRU MAT
WA SAI HPE RIM LU YANG KUMHPA
1000 MI JAW NA.

**HKUM NGAU
SHINGYAN**

AMYU - NEGRO.
TSAW DE - PE 5 LATMA 8 1/2
HPRAWNG NA NTAWN NMUN HKAUT
KAU AI.
NA HTAT PA AI.
LADI PA KABA AI.
HKUM SHAN - MAW-CHYANG.
HKUM POUND 160-170 LA AI.
KARA - CHYANG NNA LETMA
LANGAI GALU HTAT AI.
HPUN PALAWNG - MAW AI.

DAI BAWNG HPE R M LU NA SHI JAW LU YANG, AMERIKAN
HPYEN HPUNG, SHING N RAI GA SHAGA TELEPHONE
NAMBAT LEDD 127, SHINGBWIYANG 23-8-2, MYITKYINA
SOS-27 DE SHANA DAT MA RIT

BELIEVING HERMAN PERRY to be hiding in the hill country of Northern Burma, the Army Criminal Investigation Division issued this poster — a duplicate of the one at the beginning of this article — in Burmese, urging natives to be on the lookout for Perry. The Rupees 1,000 reward (\$300) was a vast fortune to a villager who seldom earned more than \$50 in a whole year. These posters were air-dropped over remote villages, distributed by messenger, and tacked to trees and buildings throughout Northern Burma.

To the Editor

New CBI Film

● Notice each issue carries bigger and better coverage of all departments, also that you see to the printing of adequate photos of the entire area. The articles are truly informative and certainly recall the past all too vividly . . . At present am working (production staff—Ed.) on a new picture, "China Venture." The story revolves around an incident in 1945, the year of grim decisions. Seemingly insignificant at the time, Jan. 27, 1945, Chinese guerrillas shot down a Jap plane in the jungle of the South China Coastal area carrying a Jap Admiral, Amora, Chief of Naval Intelligence. Washington wishes to interview him, so after we pick him out of the jungle, patch him up, fly him to Truman and our Chiefs of Staff who decide now is the time to drop the atomic bomb. The rest is history.

L. D. WILER,
Hollywood, Calif.

23rd Fighter Group

● How about a few more stories about the 23rd Fighter Group, APO 430?

GEORGE V. CLACK,
Patrick AFB, Fla.



MEMBER OF THE 700th MP Co. checks with drivers in a convoy crossing the border from Burma into China. April 13, 1945. Photo by U.S. Army.



INDIAN ZORINA performs solo dance during intermission of the dance celebrating the opening of Hq. Co., SOS Recreation Hall in China, Nov. 8, 1943. U.S. Army photo.

I & E Officer

● Am looking forward to a monthly Roundup. Was I&E officer at Hq., Intermediate Section, and Repl. Depot No. 5, Chabua; Repl. Depot No. 1, Malir; and Hq., U.S.F., I.B.T. Was one of the more fortunate ones that was able to see a great many parts of interesting India and Burma.

KEITH I. MILLER,
Los Angeles 23, Calif.

Rice Paddy Navy

● One of your subscribers showed me a copy of Ex-CBI Roundup and I found it very interesting. As a former member of SACO, or the "Rice Paddy Navy," I would be very pleased to hear from any of the readers who were also members. I'd especially like to hear from any who were part of "Roger Special."

ANDREW M. FLEMING,
4947 Suburban Ave.,
Richmond, Va.

'Stilwell's Mission to China'

● Have just received the first series on military history in the CBI, available from the Government Printing Office, in which many of the readership may be equally interested. It is one of the volumes of "United States Army in World War II," and particularly the China-Burma-India Theatre; "Stilwell's Mission to China." The book sells for \$5.00 and is ordered under catalog number D 114.7: C44/v.1. from Superintendent of Documents, Govt. Printing Office, Wash. 25, D.C.

ALFRED M. ZISSER,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Marauders Reunion

● The Merrill's Marauders Association is planning its seventh annual reunion at the Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Md., on Labor Day weekend, Sept. 5th and 6th. General Merrill will, of course, be in attendance at the forthcoming reunion, and the association is planning a full two days for all those who attend.

DAVE HURWITT, Secy.,
22 Basket Lane,
Levittown, N. Y.

1337th AAFBU

● Was really surprised that in previous issues I have noticed that I had known several GI's who were stationed with me at the 1337th AAFBU, located at Sookerating.

DOMINICK MESSINEO,
Passaic, N. J.

721st Railway Bn.

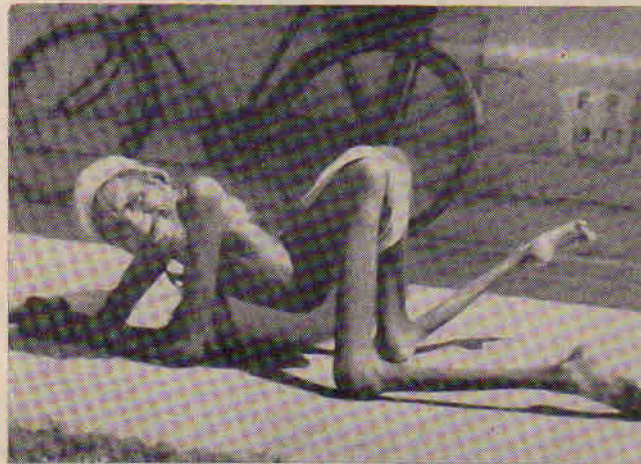
● While in India I was attached to the 721st Railway Bn. at Parbatipur. Does anyone know the whereabouts of 1st Sergeant B. J. Hachett of Co. B?

ALEX KOWALESKI,
Gaylord, Mich.

Reunion Bound

● Roundup is doing a great job. See you in Milwaukee!

A. J. McDERMOTT,
Madison, Wis.



FEW GI'S STATIONED at Karachi, India, failed to see this pitiful but happy beggar. Photo by John Metzger.

JULY, 1953

LUCKY ELEPHANTS

Unique, Imported CEYLON Handcarved Ebony or Cocoonutwood Elephants with genuine IVORY tusks. Unsurpassed for gift giving. Take advantage NOW of this special offer to CBI-ers that combines beauty and quality at a low, low cost.



Ebony set of 3, \$4.98 ppd.

Cocoanutwood set of 3, \$2.98 ppd.

Satisfaction
Guaranteed

R. J. Verbeek

10 Roydon Drive West
Merrick, New York

Air Jungle Rescue

● Have just received word from a buddy that a magazine is published for ex-CBI veterans. I was a pilot in the Air Jungle Rescue Squadron of the 10th Air Force. During my tour of duty several motion pictures were made of our rescues and also a short motion picture of our outfit was made for the Public Relations Office. I am very much interested in obtaining copies of these as one was made of the rescue of Major Green by helicopter. Would greatly appreciate any information as to how I could secure these.

RAYMOND MURDOCK,
Waynesburg, Pa.

China Truce Teams

● I'm working on a book dealing with the China scene and am most anxious to contact Roundup readers who may have served with any of the Truce teams in north China after the war. There were 20 or more of these truce teams scattered all over north China and lower Manchuria. I was at PUMC in Peiping, headquarters for the so-called truce operation which General Marshall headed from Chungking and later Nanking. Much of the book deals with the Chinese point of view (non-Communist, of course) and GI recollections of Tsinan, Hankow, Hsuechow, Kalgan, Tatung, Anyang, Taian, Mukden, Kaimi, Chining, Chaoyang, Chinfeng, Shihchaichuang and Canton will be appreciated. Would also like to hear from fellows who served with AMG in Nanking anytime during 1946 and 1947.

GEORGE B. RUSSELL,
47 Jane St.,
New York, N.Y.

988th Signal Co.

● Enjoyed the article on General Stilwell (May issue). I was in the 988th Signal Co. and on liaison duty with the 4th Burma Rifles (British Gurkha) on the campaign from Ft. Hertz to Myitkyina.

F. A. NUTTER, Jr., D.O.,
Beresford, S.D.

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By DR. SAMUEL ENGLE BURR, JR.

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Chapter III

A NIGHT IN THE TRENCHES

THE BILLETING officer was an American-born Chinese. He went with me to the Adjutant General's Office of Rear Echelon, Headquarters China Theater. I signed their roster and left two copies of my orders with them. When these formalities had been complied with, Lieutenant Lee assigned me to Barracks A, where I would share a small room with two other officers. He also provided jeep transportation for me and my baggage, because Barracks A was some distance outside the Headquarters compound, in the direction of the city. I was informed that I should eat breakfast and supper at the mess hall near my barracks but that I might eat dinner each noon at the headquarters mess, inside the compound.

After I had been briefed on uniform regulations, safety precautions, and security requirements, I went to my room and started to unpack my clothing. Hardly had I started on this process when a Lieutenant came into the building and stopped at the door of my room.

"Major Burr?" he inquired.

"Yes, Lieutenant. I'm Major Burr."

"G 1 up at HQ wants to see you." He paused and then added: "If I were you, Major, I'd get up there quick. The Colonel seems kind of excited about something in your orders. If you know what I mean . . ." His voice trailed off into a questioning sort of silence.

I went along with the Lieutenant, in a jeep, wondering what the G 1 could be so excited about.

As soon as I walked through the doorway, the Colonel barked: "We thought

you were a special service officer!"

"That's not my classification, Colonel," I replied. "I was at the Special Service School at Lexington, first as a student officer and later as a member of the school faculty. But I'm not a Special Service Officer. I'm an I and E Officer."

"What do you mean, 'I and E'?"

"Information and Education."

"Oh, that! Well, we're fighting a war out here—not running a goddam university. The General don't like the way that 'I and E' sounds, even, so you might as well forget about that."

"Forget about I and E! Why that's what I was sent out here to do!"

"Major, we'll decide what you're to do."



You're our pigeon now and you heard what I said—just forget about that I and E stuff."

This unexpected development threw me decidedly off balance. I had understood that I and E work had been fully explained to all Theater Commanders and that a Theater I and E Officer had been in charge of such a program for the

American troops in China. I was making a mental promise to myself, to the effect that I certainly would not forget about my I and E work, when I realized that the Colonel was speaking about something else.

"Your orders say that you're in the Medical Administrative Corps."

"Yes. That's right, Colonel. I'm wearing MAC insignia, you see."

"Hell yes, I can see what insignia you're wearing! What I want to know is how come you're a Special Service Officer when you're MAC?"

"I've never been a Special Service Officer, Colonel, and I haven't been an MAC officer very long, either."

"Explain what you mean by 'not very long.'"

"Ever since I reported for extended active duty in this war, I've been wearing AG shields, till just a few weeks before I left the states on this trip to China. Then I was transferred to Medical Administrative."

"So you're really an AG officer, then?"

"Not exactly that, either. I was in the Sanitary Corps Reserve, till I came on extended active duty. Then they detailed me to the AG. But, about a month or two ago, I received orders making me an MAC officer."

"Well, the whole thing's too mixed up for me," said the Colonel. "But we have our own ways for handling such things, out here. This is a combat zone and we're fighting a war, so we can do what we think is best, without a lot of goddam red tape about it."

WITHIN a few hours, orders were cut assigning me to HQ, SOS, USF in CT. There also were orders transferring me from MAC to AGD. A third set of orders appointed me to serve as Assistant Theater Special Service Officer.

"You will be the Acting Theater Special Service Officer till some other officer with more goddam rank gets here, if that makes you any happier," the Colonel commented.

After mess, that first evening, I went back to the little room where I was billeted. Major Sundquist, who was one of my roommates, came down from the mess hall with me. We found an empty wooden locker in one of the other rooms and moved it into our room.

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I started again to unpack my clothing and to place it in the locker that we had "requisitioned."

Suddenly a gong sounded—a clanging noise that I had not heard before.

"Oh, Hell!" Major Sundquist exclaimed. "Here we go again!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Jing Bow!" he replied, and added: "That's the local Chinese name for an air raid. It means 'death from the sky' or some such thing."

"What are we supposed to do?"

"That's only a one-ball alert and we just stand by. But if it rings again that will be a two-ball alert and we'll have to go out into the trenches and stay there for God knows how long."

"What's a three-ball signal, or isn't there any such thing?"

"Yes, there is. Three-balls means that a raid actually is about to occur—or actually is in progress, either here or very close by."

I continued to unpack and arrange my clothing and toilet articles. About the time I had finished the job, the gong sounded again.

"They're just trying to wear us down, I guess," Major Sundquist said. "This has been going on night after night. They don't drop bombs very often but they send one or two planes over here about bed time and all of us have to stand in the trenches for hours."

"We are required to go out?"

"Oh, yes. An inspector comes around sometimes and anyone found in Quarters is in for a hard time. Be sure to wear your helmet. Grab a stool or something to sit on. Bring the blankets off your



bunk and come along. If you have a flashlight, bring that, too."

THE TRENCHES were about one hundred feet away from the barracks building. Major Sundquist led the way to a little section over toward our latrine. We dropped our stools and blankets into

China APO

the trench and jumped in after them.

"Better wrap yourself up a bit—it's damp in here. I've got cigarettes and chocolate. What have you got?"

A search of my pockets produced several packages of matches and a bar of tropical chocolate, but no cigarettes.

"Shouldn't come out here without cigarettes," he said. "It's a good idea to have chocolate and chewing gum, too, but cigarettes are a must."

About that time a shot was fired, over to our left.

"Now what's up?" I asked.

"That's what happens every time. Very likely some trigger happy Chinaman shooting at a shadow. You'll very likely hear another shot or two after a little while. If we find out who did it, he'll swear that he saw someone trying to break into a building, or some such thing. It's hard to tell whether that's the case or if it is some kind of a signal to Jap sympathizers. Sometimes dry grass in the fields is burned by someone, during an alert. Lots of peculiar things happen and you can't be sure what half of them mean. Just never let your guard down completely while you're out here. It's a tricky situation and likely to get worse before it gets better."

"How can you be sure that it was a Chinese soldier who fired the shot?" I asked.

"Whenever we catch anyone, it's always a Chinese soldier. They're more bother than they're worth. That's my opinion."

"But they are fighting on our side. They're our friends and allies!"

"That's a big laugh: 'Our Noble Asiatic Allies!' The best you can say is that they're not against us, so long as Lend-Lease continues to operate in their favor. But you keep your eyes open. All of us had better keep our eyes open. We've got to watch out for ourselves, in this country, all the time."

"Sounds as if there's never a dull moment," I replied. "I think I hear someone walking around, near here, and I'm sure that I hear a plane."

Major Sundquist stood up on his stool and looked over the edge of the trench.

"It's the Chaplain, I think. Father McCracken just doesn't give a damn, I guess. He often walks around during the alerts. And the plane is one of our black widows. We send a couple of them up, during a two-ball alert, at night-time. I don't know what good they do—just add to the general confusion, I guess."

He sat down again and we smoked for a while in silence.

"Tell me about your trip out here," Major Sundquist said.

I told him about the take-off from Miami, lunch on Ascension Island and the wash stands at Aden—the ones which we had mistaken for urinals. I told him about the hurry-hurry-hurry of the trip and then about the five days of waiting for orders, at Karachi. I also told him about the accident in Natal where I was overcome by the heat, fell head first against a door, and cut a small gash in my scalp.

WHEN I began to feel embarrassed by talking so much about my experience, I asked him to tell me what I should know and how I should act, in the China Theater.

"If I were to prepare a list of **Rules for New Arrivals**, here in China, it would be a short list and right to the point," he replied.

"That's the kind of a list that would interest me! Let's hear some of it."

"Alright," said the Major. "You asked for it, so here goes:

"Rule Number 1. Never disagree with the General about anything. The Old Man wants everybody around him to be a 'Yes-Man'.

"Rule Number 2. The same thing goes for the Chief-of-Staff and the new G 1. They're a pair of royal flush so-and-so's, but they are sitting with the General, in the driver's seat.

"Rule Number 3. If you have a family, back state-side, write your wife and kids nice letters, once a week, and then forget that you're a family man. Worrying about the people back home don't help them and it may break you.

"Rule Number 4. Every so often do something to relieve the tension that builds up in any man, out here. Just find something that relaxes you. After that, forget about it till you start getting the jitters again.

"Rule Number 5. Don't volunteer for anything. Do the work that's assigned to you as well as you can. If the top brass want you to do anything else, they'll damn soon tell you so, and in no uncertain terms.

"That's all I can think of. I've already told you to have a supply of cigarettes and chocolate on all occasions."

"But, Major!" I started to object.

"Don't talk to me about it any more," he interrupted. "I've given you my rules. I know you will object to some of them or maybe all of them. But I've been here long enough to know what it takes. I'm not exactly an **Old China Hand** but I've been oriented to the Orient. I've seen some men get sent down to the Salween

Front just because they wouldn't jump the right way for the General. I've seen others lose weight and grow old in a few months because of useless worry about their wives and children, back home. There are some of our men in the nut ward out at the hospital right now when all the treatment they need is something to relax their tensions. I know, because I've been there. You're new and you'd better profit by my advice. Now, let's go to sleep till the gongs are sounded for the all clear."

He went to sleep, but I didn't. There was too much that was strange in this new situation. And the two black widow planes kept flying back and forth, up above us.

A few minutes after midnight, the all clear signal sounded. I woke up Major Sundquist and we went into the barracks. Other officers were coming in from various sections of the trench system.

Our other roommate, Captain Franklin, was in his bunk when we came into our room. Our entry wasn't a quiet one and he woke up, as we turned on the light.

"Where in Hell have you guys been?" he asked.

"Out in the trenches," Sundquist replied.

"I thought it was too damn quiet when



I came in here," Franklin managed to reply. Then he rolled over and went to sleep again. By that time, we were practically undressed and within a few minutes the light was off and we were asleep, too.

(Continued in Next Issue)

GREAT TIME PLANNED

Record Crowd Expected At 1953 CBIVA Reunion In Milwaukee, August 13-16

"Reunionitis," more commonly diagnosed as convention fever, is raging in epidemic proportions among CBI veterans of the nation. Only known remedy is attendance at the 1953 CBIVA Reunion in Milwaukee, August 13-16.

Advance registrations at press time already represents 17 states and indications are that this year's funfest will be the biggest ever held.

The Blatz Auditorium, which rates with the most beautiful nite spots in the country, will be the scene of the opening day's biggest event. Free beer will be served all evening long, and there will be a dinner, music and entertainment.

Friday's major fete will be a giant Basha Puja at the Hotel Schroeder Crystal Ballroom. CBI-ers will be dressed in native costume. There will be a big variety review, a smorgasbord dinner, music and entertainment. Local disc jockeys will select the Rice Paddy Queen of the reunion.

Saturday night's schedule calls for the big Commander's Banquet, the reunion ball, and a giant floor show by one of Milwaukee's top producers, Clif Burmek. On Sunday, Milwaukee joins in the civic V-J Day celebration at the Blatz Temple of Music and especially honored will be the veterans of the CBI. A big variety show is also slated for that afternoon.

In addition there will be a daily visit to one of the big Milwaukee Breweries, where CBI-ers will be treated with the most popular beers of the nation. Friday noon, the ladies will be luncheon guests of the Miller Brewing Co. and the men at the Allis-Chalmers Co. Also at noon on Saturday, the ladies will have a luncheon and floor show in the Empire Room of the Hotel Schroeder.

To be sure of accommodations at the reunion hotel, CBI-ers are urged to make reservations early. There are 800 all outside rooms available, each with bath, at the Hotel Schroeder. Hotels within a two-block radius have been selected to accommodate any overflow.

Send your reservations today! Mail to the CBIVA Reunion Committee, P. O. Box 1848, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

JULY, 1953

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To the Editor—

Merrill's Marauders

● I have just discovered your magazine and have greatly enjoyed a few issues I borrowed from an Ex-CBI-er I've just met. I'm a veteran of Merrill's Marauders and marched with them from Ledo to Myitkyina.

NOBLE F. DOELING,
Enderlin, N. D.

Last in Myitkyina

● Wonder if you could put me in touch with Lt. Kone or Sgt. Kay of the FLC Office in Myitkyina in January 1946? They were among the last U.S. Army men in the town.

Rev. J. M. ENGLAND,
Neshanic Station, N. J.

330th Engineers

● Served with Co. E, 330th Engineer Regt. on the Ledo Road. Could you tell me if the 330th is still active?... Would enjoy a writeup and pictures of the British Hospital at Asansol, also the 99th Station Hospital at Gaya.

L. G. SKRAMSTAD,
Nome, N.D.

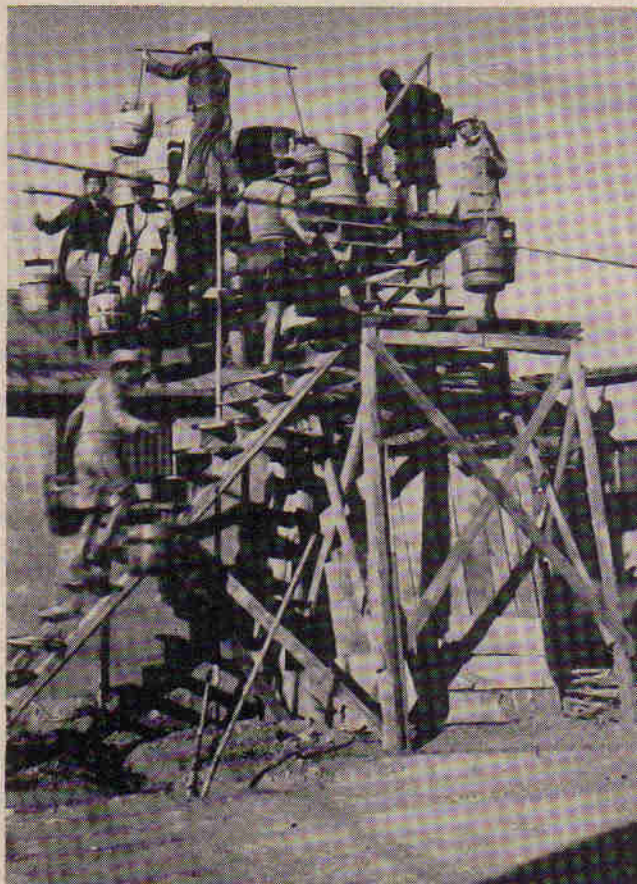
Merrill's Marauders

● Would like to hear from some of the boys who were with Merrill's Marauders. Was a member of the 5307th Composite Unit, also Mars Task Force.

HYMIE H. SPIEGAL,
1216 No. Beachwood,
Burbank, Calif.

Rice Paddy Queen

● The "On Leong Merchants Association" here is sponsoring our Rice Paddy Queen. This Chinese organization is known all over



THESE COOLIES are filling barrels for shower room in the 373rd Bomb Squadron area at Luliang, China. Photo by John Metzger.

the nation. Mr. Wing Leong has suggested that we try to contact other large cities to represent their city even though we do not have Bashes there. Mr. Yee Hing from our town attended the On Leong Merchants Association National Convention in Baltimore recently. He had informed the delegates that St. Louis was sponsoring a Rice Paddy Queen for the China-Burma-India Veterans Association to represent us at the national reunion at Milwaukee where the National Rice Paddy Queen will be crowned. They were very much in favor of the idea and three cities are planning to send their Rice Paddy Queen to represent CBIVA even though we do not have Bashes there. They are Cleveland, Detroit and Pittsburgh. Our three candidates were selected May 1st at the On Leong Merchants Assn. hall. Our queen will be crowned May 23rd at Medarts restaurant here. The Chicago Basha originated the Rice Paddy Queen idea. Their queen has already been named.

DAVID HYATT,
St. Louis, Mo.

Plan now to attend CBIVA's 6th Annual Reunion at Milwaukee, Aug. 13-16. Send your reservations today to Box 1848, Milwaukee, Wis.

Calcutta's Rats

● I got a kick out of Nellie Hann's letter in the May issue. She mentioned that, as a WAC at Hastings Mill, she used to lay in bed and watch the rats running on the pulleys above the bunks. Not a very nice bedroom for a girl, to be sure. But I recall that all you had to do was suddenly shine a flashlight down any dark alley in Calcutta and you'd see from five to two dozen dog-size rats scamper for cover. They say these huge rats bite thousands each year, and they have killed many babies.

CHARLES B. GREEN,
New Orleans, La.

11th Combat Cargo

● Would be very pleased to hear from any member of the 11th Combat Cargo Squadron, 3rd Group.

PHIL R. CHEESEMAN,
407-A Butler,
Princeton, N. J.

464th AAA Bn.

● Was with the 464th AAA Bn., Battery D. Would like to hear from some of the boys.

JACK FINKELSTEIN,
1114 Avenue P,
Brooklyn 29, N. Y.



THE JAPS DRIVEN out of Selan, Burma, Cpl. Pete Beavers and S/Sgt. Dalbert French, both attached to the Chinese 38th Division, find time to do some sightseeing. U.S. Army photo.

JULY, 1953

CBI REUNIONS

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA VETERANS ASSN.—6th Annual Reunion, Hotel Schroeder, Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 13-14-15-16. For registrations or information write Gene Brauer, Box 1848, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

14TH AIR FORCE ASSOCIATION — 6th Annual Convention, Hotel Mayflower, Washington, D.C., Aug. 13-14-15. For information or registrations write Col. John Neal, 1527 38th St. SE, Washington 20, D.C.

7TH BOMB GROUP — 1st Annual Reunion, Old Faithful Area of Yellowstone National Park, Aug. 3-4-5-6-7-8. For further information write Max Hillsman, 1553 W. 223rd St., Torrance, Calif.

MERRILL'S MARAUDERS ASSOCIATION — 7th Annual Reunion, Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 5-6. All former members urged to write to Dave Hurwitt, 22 Basket Lane, Levittown, N. Y.

Kweiang Scenic Route

● Where have I been the past six years not to know about the Roundup? Just discovered you last evening and perused through all your back issues and think it a wonderful deal. Was with the 3843rd QM Truck Co., Pansien, China, running the "scenic route" to Kweiang over the 24 steps.

ROBERT E. LONGDON,
Washington, Pa.

Endorses Sketch Set

● The beautiful set of Howard Scott's three pen and ink sketches which I purchased last week have been framed and occupy a position of great pride in the living room of my home. I gladly endorse the set as well worth the money.

HARRY H. POST,
Jamaica, N. Y.

'Vinegar Joe'

● The "Vinegar Joe" story in May issue was great! Those of us who served under his command in CBI really knew very little about him. Sinclair's article gives a pretty good account of General Stilwell's exploits.

JULIUS C. CLAUSER,
Portland, Ore.

Happy and Sorrowful

● I read your Ex-CBI Roundup from cover to cover and enjoy it very much. Brings back great memories, both happy and sorrowful. Was with the 25th Field Hospital and I drove the Ledo Road very often. Remember it well!

WILFRED W. CLOSS,
Fairmount, Minn.



AMERICAN TROOPS and Chinese soldier listen to GI phonograph at an outpost in Burma. U.S. Army photo.



FIRST CONVOY over the Ledo Road. Here MP's attached to the convoy are setting up camp for an overnight stay enroute to Kunming. Feb. 3, 1945, U.S. Army photo.



LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN speaks from a jeep to men of the 1st Air Commando Force in India. Col. Phil Cochran stands at left. U.S. Army photo.

To the Editor . . . —Continued—

491st Bomb Squadron

● I enjoy the magazine very much, but since I've been a subscriber I haven't read anything about the 491st Bomb. Squadron. The magazine sure brings back memories of my eleven months in China. I plan to go to Milwaukee for the reunion.

F. E. STROTMAN,
Aurora, Nebr.

'Hsueh T'ien Wan'

● Although I was in Chungking the latter part of the war, I'll be darned if I ever heard of the street "Hsueh T'ien Wan," the story of which was in the May issue. But the article was very interesting.

HARRY QUINN,
Richmond, Va.

1st Tank Group

● Was in the 330th Engineers. Wonder if you ever had any items on the First Prov. Tank Group, which later became the 527th Ord.

HARRY F. BENDER,
Bridgeport, Ohio

CORRESPONDENT



As a Roundup Subscriber you are entitled to one FREE decal for your auto, home, office, etc. The decals are 2½ x 3¼-inches, in three colors. If you haven't yet sent for yours, send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a decal will be forwarded by return mail. If you want more than one, extras are only 5c each (no limit). Send for yours NOW while the supply lasts! No requests honored unless you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

181st General Hospital

● Served in India from May 1942 until March 1945. My organization was the 181st General Hospital, and also served DS time with the 95th Station Hospital at Chabua. Just learned of your publication with the reading of the January and March issues. I'm going to pass the word around to my buddies.

PAUL E. RUEGER,
Fairborn, Ohio



BURMA NATIVES watch members of the 124th Cavalry march through Myitkyina on way to Bhamo, December 19, 1944. U.S. Army photo.

1st Combat Cargo

● Served with the 1st Combat Cargo Group, 4th Squadron. Will you have something on my old outfit in the future?

CLAUDE H. PATE,
Lando, S.C.
Possible.—Ed.

May Issue Cover

● The May issue cover drawing of the girl with the sari is a work of art!

CARL A. ELIAS,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Hospital Show

● On Feb. 25th the Chicago CBI Basha treated patients at nearby Hines Veterans Hospital to a professional magic show. Chicago's initial affair was made possible through the generosity of prestidigitator Johnny Platt, who is the headliner at a Loop hotel, and who held the audience spell-bound throughout his performance.

HAROLD HOCHWERT,
Chicago, Illinois

VFW Candidate

● CBI veteran J. Mallory Loos of the 20th General Hospital, Ledo, and former Commander of VFW Post 124 of Brighton, N.Y., is a candidate for Monroe County Commander of Veterans of Foreign Wars.

HOMER G. WHITMORE,
Rochester, N. Y.

Elephant Export

● I read in the newspaper the other day that the Indian government has restricted the export of elephants with the explanation that they are needed in India itself for forestry work. They have cut the annual export from 200 to only 70 elephants. Most of these went to Europe and the U.S. for zoos and circuses.

JAMES G. GREY,
Memphis, Tenn.



AMERICAN INFANTRYMAN lets an experienced young native assist him with his transportation problem at Pandu Ghat, India. U.S. Army photo.

JULY, 1953

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By Popular Demand

SENSATIONAL OFFER!

The three China - Burma - India pen and ink sketches on this page are reductions of a set of suitable-for-framing productions by Roundup Staff Artist Howard Scott, Jr., of Salina, Kansas.



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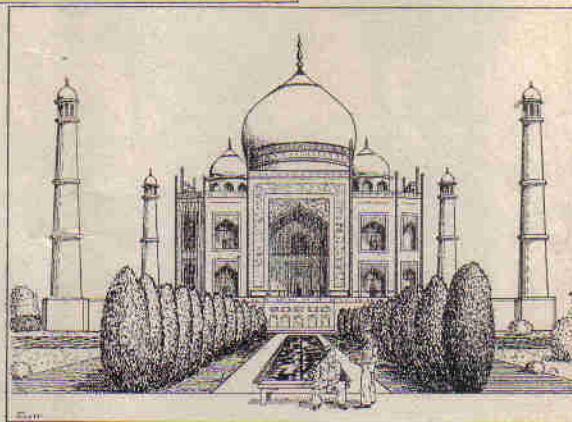
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THE ABOVE three sketches are: Kunming Gate, Kunming, China; Pagodas at Namhkam, Burma; and The Taj Mahal at Agra, India.